

L·W·L·LIFE

JUNE , 1926

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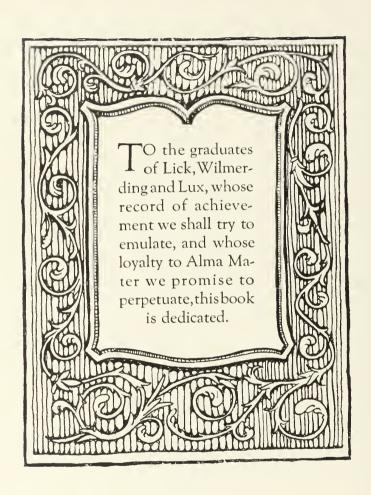
San Francisco, California

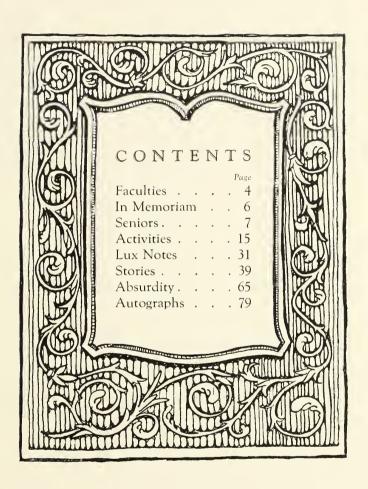
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Faculties

George A. Merrill, B. S		Director
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LICK

Bruno Heymann, M. E., Dean.	Mechanical Drawing
Cecil Atwood	Machine Shop
Clara Boeke, Ph. B., M. A.	English and Latin
Stella Boulware, A. B.	Freehand Drawing
Ralph H. Britton, A. B.	Physics
Grace Meng, A. B.	English and Latin
Sydney A. Tibbetts, B. S.	Chemistry
Agnes Wood, A. B.	Algebra and Geometry
Aida B. Patterson	Recorder

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LUX

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Ida H. Nielson, B. S.	Cooking
Martha G. Wickersham	

Our New Plan and Courses of Instruction



THERE is now being printed a new circular of the Lux School, containing the first public announcement of changes that will be made in the curriculum. These changes have been under consideration for several years and are the result of exhaustive investigations covering the entire field of industrial education throughout the United States and Canada. Up to the present time the three schools have followed the plan of instruction adopted for the Lick School when it was established in 1895. This plan has been successful and we mean to hold fast to the fundamental conception on which it was based, but in view of the changes now being made in the public schools through the introduction of the junior high

school and the junior college, it becomes neccessary for us to look forward to the time when we must give up our two lower classes and add two higher ones.

When these changes have been made the Lux School and the Wilmerding School will rank as advanced vocational and trade schools, and the Lick School as a technical junior college. Boys will continue to be enrolled in both Lick and Wilmerding and girls will be enrolled in Lux, and those taking college preparatory work will also be enrolled at Lick.

The co-operative plan of instruction will also be introduced. Under this plan pupils taking vocational courses will receive part of their instruction in commercial establishments, under the guidance and supervision of a "co-ordinator," who will give courses of vocational guidance, attend to placement of pupils, and supervise their outside work.

These changes will be put into effect first at the Lux School, beginning in August, 1926. At the same time a course in salesmanship, store service, and merchandising will be added to the vocational courses now given at Lux, and instruction will be given in typewriting, business English and economics.

In August, 1926, boys and girls will be admitted from the eighth grade, as here-tofore, but we shall also begin to admit to the second-year classes pupils who have completed the junior high school, and to accept pupils by transfer from senior high schools. Thereafter, with each new class, we shall aim to reduce the number admitted from the grammar school and to increase the number admitted from the junior and senior high schools. By January, 1928, it is hoped that the number coming from the junior and senior high schools will be sufficient to justify the dropping of our lower classes, so that we may then begin with the work of junior college grade.

In Memoriam

<u>ئ</u>

Edward C. Murphy

Member of '29 J Class Entered school August 3, 1925 Died January 20, 1926

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Joseph M. Sunkel

Member of the faculty from February, 1909 until the date of his death, March 23, 1926

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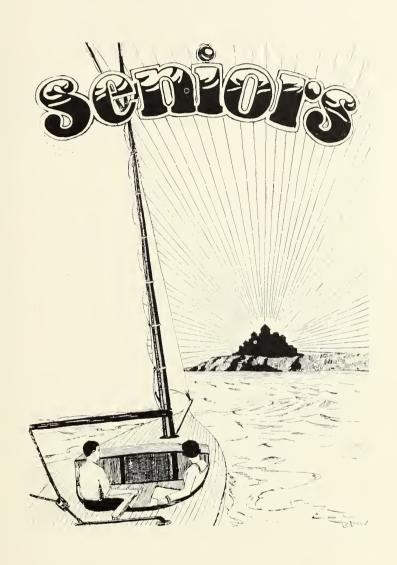
Helen k. Spradling

Member of the faculty from August, 1924 until the date of her death, April 14, 1926

~<u>}</u>

Charles Buckmaster

Member of '28 J Class Entered school August 4, 1924 Died May 11, 1926



Memoirs of a Senior

ILATED eyes. The walking into the wrong room. Shaking knees. The list of books. To buy. The cafeteria. The buying of checks. The crowd around the pie. The SENIORS we saw. Our first class meeting. The JOINT class meeting. Our Wednesday Dance. The clean shirts on Wednesday. The United we Fall, Divided we Stand, spirit at the Dances. The homework. FROSH DAY. The football games. The hoarseness the next day. The Night Rally. In the Lux Bowl. Our class in the corner. The dance afterwards. The talk about the dance during the following weeks. Winning the S. F. A. L. in football. Our first "LIFE." The autographs. The Final Rally. The medals awarded. Vacation. Christmas. The RED and GREEN neckties.

The coming back to school. Programs. More books. To buy. Valentino trousers. The fun with the lathes. The cutting of fingers on the band saw. More work. Another Final Rally. Vacation.

August—Sophs! New programs. More new books. To buy. School Dances. In the Freehand Ballroom. In the Lux Bowl. On the Lux Roof. The State Championship Game with the Bakersfield Flames. The game in which we took a CHANCE. But were unfortunate enough to lose. More vacation with red and green ties.

School again. Programs and books. Machine shop. "Chipping a block." Baseball. Basketball. Dances. Homework. Interclass meets. The Skating Party. The end of the term.

We're JUNIORS. The Junior-Freshman Picnic. The RIDE. The EATS. The chocolate eclairs we put in our pockets. And later wished we hadn't. The FUN. The Ride home. The talk about the picnic. The Final Rally and Christmas. The thirteen boxes of initial handkerchiefs.

School opens with a bang. Books are bought. Programs made. Work starts. With a vengeance. More Dances in the Freehand Ballroom. The "Caf" is rushed. At the pie counter. We annex the trophy in baseball. Hurrah! We skinned Poly. Overwhelming finals. Ah-h-m-VACATION!

We come back as SENIORS. We buy our books. The class puts out first edition of "The Tiger's Tale." A school paper. Edited by each class in turn. We run off with the title in football. Our class dues are raised. One of the class officers expresses intentions of investing in new suit. Final Rally. Held at the Native Sons' Hall. Our last vacation at Lick. Christmas again. Spangled ties of REDDER red and GREENER green.

School starts. WE start — worrying about graduating. REAL homework. "Caf" staff is disbanded. New system installed. We hold some snappy rallies in the brand new "Merrill Auditorium." We nab the Unlimited Basketball Championship. First time in a decade and a half. The Final Rally in our own auditorium. The never-to-be-forgotten SENIOR DANCE. The "LIFE" comes out. The autographs. More autographs. Graduation. The dressing for graduation. The walking up the stairs. The shaking knees.



FRANK GALLI



AGNES NOCE



JOSEPH KOSTRIKIN



Oscar Larson



ARTHUR BAHR



LORETTA BYRNE



ETHEL JOHNSON



NORMAN PEERY

MARTHA SMITH



MARGUARITEGRUNIGAN



FRANK KAMMERER



ALICE RITTER



RALPH FIFIELD



CECILIA DRURY



RALPH GILLEY



CLAIRE SHEEHAN



HOWARDGILMORE







STANLEY SAMISH



HARRY AYER



PEARL COBURN



CATHERINE ALLAN



HILDA MEYER



GEORGE KOCH-



ROBERT SHEARN

HAROLD IVANI





LUCY ABELING-





MURIEL SMITH



GEORGE HAAS-



MARGARETHOLMLAND



BYRON McDonald



ARTHUR DERRÉ



JOHN DE COLIA



Ross Shoaf





THELMA MAESTRETTI







JACK HURSH



AILEEN FARLEY



VINCENTMIRES



GISELA SCHREIBER



GEORGE ROBERTSON



GLADYS GILLIES



CARLHENDRICKSON

EARL CRAWFORD





FRANCIS NEUMANIN

WILLIAM PORTELLO



Anna Arendez



SHERRILL HOUGHTON



GEORGEWESTLUND



EDNA HATFIELD



AndrewHendrickson

HELEN MCINTYRE



EARL NELSEN



JOSEPH SMITH



PAUL WIRTH



THELMA TUTT

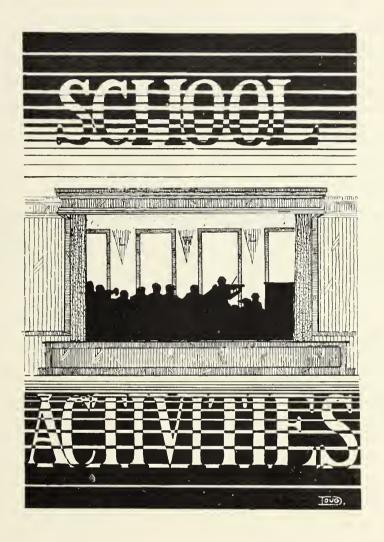


KARL FORSBERG-











Life Staff

Ed	i	ŧο	1.0	
Eu	11	ω	13	

George Westlund Frances Neumann

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BYRON McDonald
BEATRICE TROBOCK

ASSOCIATE STAFF

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EDWIN LANGE		Josephine Smith
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		H. Nichols
Class Notes	Literary	Jokes
HILDA MEYER	MURIEL SMITH	Eleanor Judah
R. Fifield	V. Mires	R. Shearn
		J. Muller



Lick Editorial

THE past semester has seen several changes in our school regime, of which the foremost in importance is the completion of the new auditorium in the Wilmerding Building. Hitherto, assemblies were held in the "Lux Bowl," the "Lick Court," and "up in the Oval." The success of these rallies depended upon the weather, rain often forcing us to postpone them or to hold them in such makeshift places as the old Lick Building or even in the corridors.

Now that we are independent of Mother Nature's caprices, we find that our Student Body meetings are snappier, more spirited and at the same time more orderly. Plays, skits and class stunts are exhibiting a marked change for the better; the orchestra's efforts are more appreciated when heard; and our dances have been better attended than those of Freehand Ballroom days.

It is fitting that we should here express our appreciation and gratitude to those who have made it possible for us and for those who will come after us, to enjoy our new auditorium. It was Mr. Merrill who first conceived the idea of thus utilizing the space in the Wilmerding Building, and it was he who, by much figuring and planning of details, has carried the idea to fulfillment. The Student Body was quick to realize this and, at our first gathering in the new assembly room, unanimously voted to name the room "The Merrill Auditorium." To Mr. Holmes and Mr. Mighall and their willing corps of student helpers goes the credit for the labor involved in woodwork, plastering and wiring, while we are indebted to Miss Boulware, Miss Crittenden and the Lux girls for the making of the curtains.

Lux Editorial

NOTHER half year has passed and again the editors take pleasure in presenting to the student body a new issue of the L. W. L. Life. We have spent time and effort in preparing this resume of our student life and we trust that you will enjoy reading it as we have enjoyed its making.

One of the features we have introduced is the section entitled "Not So Long Ago." No doubt our parents will see a marked difference between their "darlings" and their children just entering young manhood and young womanhood. Perhaps their minds will go back to the days when we were babies and they will think of what we have accomplished with the aid of instruction received at the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux schools.

Another innovation, as you have noticed, is the change from the Tiger and the Black and Gold to a cover design suggestive of Spring. We leave to our successors the chance to bring out next fall a Tiger refreshed from a brief rest and full of fighting football spirit.

We take this opportunity to thank the members of the Faculty who have assisted us in the making of this journal. The success of the issue is due in great measure to the work of Mr. Hansen of The Hansen Company, Mr. Pohlman of the Sierra Art and Engraving Company and Mr. Carleton of Lafayette Studio.



President's Message

POUR years of school training at Lick are over and as I leave to enter a larger field of work, I carry with me the memory of my school days. That spirit of co-operation among the students which holds true in both athletics and social activities was evident throughout my term of office, and with a deep feeling of appreciation I wish to thank the Student Body and the members of the Faculty.

Our first athletic and social event, a basketball game and dance with our Alumni, started the spring term with much spirit. The way the Alumni supported the affair proves their loyalty to Alma Mater. At our first indoor rally the Merrill Auditorium was dedicated to our Director in recognition of his untiring efforts for our social interests. Later, a most enjoyable dance was held in the auditorium. Numerous other rallies followed and the spirit of the school remained at high pitch during the whole term. An outstanding event was the skating party at which much enthusiasm was shown. Senior Day, with its "kiddies" luncheon, Senior-Faculty baseball game and the dance following, furnished a most enjoyable ending to the semester's social activities.



Board of Control

THE great proverbial ball was set rolling for a successful term by President Gilmore and his able assistants when they held the first meeting of the Board of Control.

The first bit of business was the election of a secretary for the spring term. Next in order came the question of budgets which seemed to the members to total about thirty-five cents more than was in the "Mint." At first it was believed by President Gilmore that the European debt had been submitted by mistake, but it was soon found that nothing of the sort had happened and so it was up to the members to settle this question.

With the settlement of the budgets, came a sigh of relief from all and it was not long before the "Board" was again ready for uprising questions—such as those concerning the election of managers of teams and the appointment of committees. This work took up practically the entire remaining term.

In conclusion, it might be said that the "Board" has passed a very successful term; this was due mainly to the business-like way in which the meetings were conducted.



The Pen and Ink Club

THE Pen and Ink Club, while the youngest club in the school, is already one of the most active. Founded at the beginning of this semester, it has already a large membership, including both boys and girls. The main object of the club is to foster an interest in journalism and to give the members an insight into the processes of news gathering and news writing. So far the meetings have been conducted as classes under Miss Meng's instruction, the only officer being Derre, the secretary.

During the semester the club visited the Chronicle in its new home and learned how a metropolitan newspaper is produced. After this visit, the Chronicle printed an article about the club and a picture in its columns.

The club has also assisted greatly in the publishing of the school paper, "The Tiger's Tale," a consolidation of the former class papers. Class spirit and competition are retained by having each class in turn assume responsibility for one issue, but the club believes that through its efforts to aid the editors the paper has been greatly improved.

The club as a whole wishes to express its sincere appreciation to Miss Meng for her untiring efforts in getting the new organization started. We are looking forward to an even more active term next fall.



Camera Club

I F success is measured by achievement, the Camera Club has advanced another step toward that goal. The members have had the benefit of a series of demonstrations, consisting of the intensification of prints and negatives, the reduction of prints and negatives, ferrotyping and flash exposures; these were given by Anderson, Lastrucci, Greenhood and Kruger. Mr. Britton gave an interesting lecture on lenses.

Many pictures have been taken this semester, the boys of the Club doing both interior and exterior work; a few of the members have specialized in portrait taking.

The final exhibit was held on May 13. Two prizes were given for the best enlargements and also two prizes for the best groups of twelve contact prints. On this occasion also, through the courtesy of the Matson Navigation Company, the Club enjoyed seeing a group of Hawaiian photographs and listening to an instructive talk about them.

The officers of the Club during the semester were: President, Lastrucci; Vice-President, Greenhood; Secretary, A. Franceschi; Treasurer, Koch, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Mollison.



Radio Club

THE splendid work that the Radio Club has done during the past semester shows that it is now one of the strongest organizations in the student body.

The fifty-watt transmitter is always on the air and communicates with many distant stations all over the United States, Canada and the Philippine Islands. The Club now has a receiver which is used for the school's benefit in receiving baseball scores and music.

Mr. Gravatt, our sponsor, instituted a new class, organized to teach the theory of radio. This class is open to any member of the student body who cares to take the course.

The members of the Club wish to thank Mr. Gravatt for the wonderful work he has done for us during the past semester.

The officers of the Club are: R. Frey, president; J. Donovan, vice-president; A. Engel, secretary; E. Siemer, treasurer, and L. Village, sergeant-at-arms.





Orchestra

THE orchestra with several new members has completed a very successful semester under the direction of Mr. Britton. It is recognized as a big factor in making student body affairs a success.

The fellows who have been squeaking, pounding, thumping and blowing their bit for the orchestra's success are: "Tomp" Newell, the latest addition who thumps the keys; "Tiny" Bolton, another freshie who beats the drums with class; "Gawg" Burkart, still another freshie who takes delight in drowning out the rest of the orchestra; "Noisy" Engel, whose favorite occupation is tuning up his fiddle; "Pat" Patterson, whose sax makes those sounds so well liked by dancers; "Ed" Haynes, whose hope is to play his saxophone and watch the couples sway to his jazzy music. "Kurt" Klopstock is the star fiddler and sax aspirant; "Stan," "Kurt's" brother, plays the banjo; "Al" Metzger, the star performer with the flute, will later realize his ambition to play in a great orchestra; "Springy" Springer is a member who some day will tootle his way to success with his cornet, and "Pete" Santina is the veteran violinist and leader of the bunch.

The orchestra takes this opportunity to express thanks to Mr. Britton for his unfailing patience and help toward making the orchestra's season a successful one.



Glee Club

THE Glee Club began this term by taking in several new members, all of whom have proved themselves real singers. Shoaf was elected president for this semester, but on account of his difficult program, was forced to resign. Gilley, last term's president, was elected in Shoaf's place.

At the Freshman Reception Rally, the club presented a skit entitled, "The Lilac Tree," in which Gilley was "the little boy" and Galli "the little girl." The rest of the members acted as the "chorus."

Something new and entirely different is being put over this term at the Final Rally, namely, a musical play. The club hopes it will be enjoyed by all, as the fellows have spent much time and work toward making it a success. The name of the play is "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Caesar," a burlesque on Shakespeare's play.

The club owes all of its success to the untiring efforts of Mr. Britton and takes this opportunity of expressing to him its gratitude and appreciation.

The members of the club are: Joe Muller, Ambrose Legnitto, Ralph Gilley, John Grundy, first tenors; Herbert Freeman, Frank Galli, Ed Haynes, Elmo Cope, second tenors; Vincent Mires, Ted Labhard, Vernon Axelton, Ted Judah, first basses, and John de Golia, George Westlund, Peter Santina, and Eugene Haas, second basses.



EARL CRAWFORD-90J



RAYMOND FREY-96X



CAMERONMCKAY-97J



HENRYKRUGER-97X

Class Fresidents



BENJAMINUILMORE 281



EDWARD CARROLL-28X



RAY HUNDLEY-99J



EDWARDREILLY-99X

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Class Activities

A LL the classes report active and enjoyable semesters. Joint luncheons have furnished the chief social events for most of the classes; these affairs have rapidly taken their place in school life for the pleasant connection they afford between the girls' and boys' schools. The semi-annual picnic given by the low Juniors to the incoming Freshman class was thoroughly enjoyed by all who joined the procession that traveled down to Mr. Mighall's place on April 30.

Officers for the classes during the past semester were as follows:

- 26J—E. Crawford, president; R. Gilley, vice-president; H. Freeman, secretary; R. Shoaf, treasurer; T. Labhard, yell leader; K. Forsberg, sergeant-at-arms, and S. Houghton, Board of Control member.
- 26X—R. Frey, president; T. Johnson, vice-president; H. Greenhood, secretary; G. Drakulich, treasurer; E. Reilly, Board of Control member; N. Phillips, sergeant-at-arms, and L. Pacelli, yell leader.
- 27J—C. McKay, president; N. Fedeli, vice-president; H. Nichols, secretary; J. Reid, treasurer; A. Rodgers, Board of Control member; R. Leu, sergeant-at-arms, and W. Weck, yell leader.
- 27X—H. Kruger, president; F. Olmo, vice-president; I. Wetzel, secretary; E. Trowbridge, treasurer; T. McGowan, Board of Control member; G. Hurley, sergeant-at-arms, and Flynn, yell leader.
- 28J—B. Gilmore, president; J. Nichols, vice-president; C. Coburn, secretary; D. McLachlan, treasurer; B. Grillo, Board of Control member; M. Malatesta, sergeant-at-arms, and Garavatti, yell leader.
- 28X—E. Carroll, president; A. Metzger, vice-president; W. Mollison, secretary; R. Wise, treasurer; D. Keating, Board of Control member; L. Maffei, sergeant-at-arms, and E. Haynes, yell leader.
- 29J—R. Hundley, president; J. Handley, vice-president; W. Meisel, secretary; R. Sullivan, treasurer; J. Howard, Board of Control member; R. Stacks, sergeant-at-arms, and Attinger, yell leader.
- 29X—E. Reilly, senior advisor; J. Fralin, vice-president; E. Taylor, secretary; H. Matthai, treasurer; G. Burkart, sergeant-at-arms, and M. Bell, yell leader.

Forum

The Forum, with Miss Wood as chairman, has accomplished a great deal of work in the past semester. There is now a greater representation at this organization than ever, since all class officers are included in the list of members.

The main object of the Forum is to teach parliamentary law and to promote public speaking. Besides this, they have worked out the new points for the Honor System. As side issues, coming student body activities were announced, ways of improving the rallies were discussed, and greater co-operation from the students was asked for in various matters.

The members of the Forum avail themselves of this opportunity to express their gratitude for Miss Wood's constant co-operation and help during the past semester.



Lick-Wilmerding Cafeteria

THE student body can now boast of one of the finest high-school cafeterias in the city, for in the past few months our cafeteria has been completely reorganized. The old system of checks has been discarded, and a more efficient and less noisy way of serving has been worked out.

Due to the wonderful support given the cafeteria, it has enjoyed one of its most successful semesters, and if this support continues, the cafeteria will soon be on a firm footing. Too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Degener and Mrs. Noel, to whom a large amount of the success is due.

The cafeteria management was handled capably by Ralph Fifield and his assistant, "Jake" Reilly. The staff was composed of Howard Gilmore, Joe Smith, "Scotchy" McKay, Jack Hursh, "Len" Lausten, George Westlund, "Art" Bahr, Arthur Derre, John Hurley, George McInerney, Ralph Gilley and Nick Fedeli.

The management wishes at this time to express its appreciation of the services rendered by Miss Buck and Mr. Britton in the interest of the cafeteria.

The L. W. L. Alumni

IN 1898 the California School of Mechanical Arts held its first commencement exercises, thirty-seven diplomas being awarded. The members of this class had completed their high school work in three and one-half years. Five boys had been graduated from the college preparatory course in June, 1897, but the first regular class was out in June, 1898. During this time friendships were formed that were destined to continue through the years that were to follow. It was this spirit of friendliness and a loyalty to their Alma Mater that prompted the graduates to form an Alumni Association, selecting for their first president W. H. Crim. Their object was not merely a social organization but one from which graduates and undergraduates would receive benefit.

With this object as an incentive the Alumni Association became strengthened as the years passed. As early as 1904, the undergraduates recognized the value of the Alumni Association and dedicated a special edition of the school journal to the graduates in appreciation of the work being done by them.

In 1903, five years after the Lick Alumni Association was formed, the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts held its first commencement exercises. Two days after their graduation the members of this class formed an alumni association with E. W. Yount as their president. This remained an independent organization until 1912 when the Lick and the Wilmerding Alumni Associations, evidently believing the maxim "In Union there is Strength," joined forces. In 1912, when the Lux School of Industrial Training for Girls was established, its graduates were also accepted as members, and the present organization known as the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni Association was definitely established.

In 1910, James A. Wise of the '99 Class, then one of the officers of the Association, conceived the idea of a loan fund. The money for this fund was secured through social affairs and donor memberships in the Alumni Association. A donor member pays five dollars a year, four dollars of which goes to the loan fund, the remaining dollar being the annual dues. The money in this fund is to be loaned to deserving pupils who might otherwise be unable to acquire a high school education. After obtaining employment the recipient of the loan is expected to return to the Alumni the money spent in assisting him. Those who have been benefited by the loan fund have shown that they were worthy of the help given them by returning to the Alumni the amount borrowed by them as soon as they were able to do so.

How lightly and easily students determine at the end of their high school careers to keep in close contact with their former classmates! Little do they realize that once they leave the school their paths in life will lead them in many directions. Their old bond of interest, school life, will tend to be supplanted in their minds by a matter of more immediate concern, namely that of finding or forming their own niche in this busy world. Were it not for an association such as that of the Alumni which has as one of its aims the continuation of school friendships, how often would we see any of our old comrades?

Perhaps some of the older members of the Alumni can recall the happy meetings and reunions that took place on L. W. L. Day at the Panama-Pacific International

Exposition on October 8, 1915. This was perhaps the largest gathering of Alumni and undergraduates in the history of the school.

Until the present year, the social affairs of the Alumni consisted of a Christmas dance, a theatre party, an auto picnic, and the initiation of new members. The present Board of Directors have inaugurated a plan by which a monthly social affair is held. This plan has proved a success due to the fact that it keeps the alumni spirit well stimulated in the minds of the members.

Many of the men who, a number of years ago, were students of Lick and Wilmerding have made a marked success in their chosen professions. Through the efforts of the Alumni, some of these men have given up one afternoon a month of their valuable time to speak to the undergraduates and acquaint them in a brief way with the problems they are bound to meet in their business or professional lines. These speakers are forging a strong link of co-operation between the school and the Alumni through their interest in their work and their desire to assist the students.

The following series of lectures has been given during the past year:

The Future of a Student in the Building Industry. By Harry Hilp.

Talk on Architecture. By Abe Appleton.

Acetylene Cutting and Welding. By Charles Ebright.

Engineering and Dry Dock Work. By James Walsh.

Electric Control Devices. By Sam Russell.

Banks and Banking. By Lloyd Meussdorffer.

Selecting a Vocation. By Milton Epstein.

The Alumni are much gratified by the interest that the students have taken in these seminar meetings.

Little did the original Alumni members of 1898 realize what a permanent organization they were establishing. Not even the San Francisco disaster of 1906 stopped its functioning. It has grown until it is now the largest high school alumni association on the Pacific Coast. The future success of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Alumni Association depends largely upon the support given it by the new members and the association is pleased to welcome the class of 1926.

George F. Carney, *President*, L. W. L. Alumni Association.





LuxNotes

MARTHASMITH

MISSRAYBURN



President's Message

PEARL COBURN

To the girls of the Lux Student Body—let me take this opportunity of urging you to appreciate and enjoy every day of your life here at school. Most of us are apt to grow impatient for graduation, but after all, when graduation does come, you will wish, as all the other "grads" do, that your four delightful years might lie as a journey ahead of you rather than a trip that is ended. After graduation we find that life looks far different from the outside of school walls than when viewed from within their friendly shelter.

As this is my only opportunity, I want to thank each and every one of you for your loyalty and helpfulness throughout the entire semester. This spirit I felt at our very first rally when we welcomed the Freshmen. Keep it up, girls, for that is the very life of Lux. We have had several delightful afternoon socials this term and I hope the custom will be continued. Through them I feel that the girls will meet in a social way and all sorts of delightful talent can be unearthed within the school.

In closing, I wish to say that nothing can be gained or accomplished without the ardent support and loyalty of all the girls. Get behind your next Student Body President and prove to her, as you have proved to me, the truth of the old maxim, "In Union there is Strength."

NOTE: Through an error that was not discovered until too late to be corrected, the picture of Martha Smith appears above instead of the Vice-President Muriel Smith.



Lux Board of Control

There has been but one meeting of the Board of Control this term. It was called to order on January 14, 1926, by President Coburn for the purpose of electing a new Student Body secretary. Mary Anthony was elected to the office.

The Board meets whenever it is necessary to decide on any questions pertaining to the Student Body. In these decisions they have been assisted by the advisor, Miss Rayburn, whose efforts are very much appreciated.

The officers of the Board were: Pearl Coburn, president; Muriel Smith, vice-president, and Mary Anthony, secretary. The class presidents and representatives who have co-operated with President Coburn were: Ruth Harvey and Lucy Abeling,

- 26J; Frances Horgan and Helen Botey, 26X; Julia Carlson and Dorothy Austin,
- 27J; Estelle Barbieri and Edith Hansen, 27X; Frances Canfield and Sybil Riddell,
- 28J; Mary Anthony and Carolyn Fernell, 28X; Ruth Cummings and Sylvia Olsen,
- 29J; Genevieve Hill, temporary president; Isabelle Schulzt and Alberta Elbert, 29X.

R++

Forum Club



THE Lux Forum Club has just completed one of its most successful terms under the capable leadership of President Fannen. The other officers for the term were: Vice-President, Muriel Smith; Secretary, Julia Carlson; Treasurer, Frances Lewis, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Carol Berg.

There has been no debating this term, but the club has much practice in Parliamentary Law. President Fannen called upon various class presidents and they conducted the meetings, going through all the necessary steps of officiating at class and club gatherings.

Two very successful plays have been given this term, one of which was "Tickless Time." This was a short

humorous sketch directed by Miss Weller. The girls who took part in this play were: Muriel Smith, Beatrice Trobock, Martha Sauer, Frances Neumann, Clarice Buhman, and Margaret Grennigan.

The other play was "The Willow Plate."

The members of the Forum as a whole wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Weller and Miss Fassett, for the wonderful way in which they have co-operated with us, and helped us to conduct our plays and meetings.

Swimming Club



THE Lux Swimming Club is making great headway under the supervision of the new officers: Viola Cantoni, president; Jula Samuely, vice-president; Eunice Gastaldi, secretary, and Eleanor Judah, treasurer. The officers have striven not only to increase the number of members, but to raise enthusiasm among them. The girls have aided the officers by responding in great numbers to the lessons that have been given in beginners and advanced swimming at the "Y" pool on Wednesday afternoons.

The club meetings held during the semester were very satisfactory and it was decided that, due to the numerous other athletic events being held, there would be no swim-

ming meet this semester. However, we hope to have a meet in the fall term that will be so successful that it will compensate for this omission. The freshmen have supported the club well and we expect many more members to join next fall. We owe much of our success to Miss Mitchell who has given her helpful assistance at all times.





THE Lux Glee Club started a very successful term at the beginning of the semester. The new officers elected were President, Sara Addleman; Vice-President, Helen Norton; Secretary, Charlotte Madden.

The twenty-five members of the Glee Club are: first sopranos, Sara Addleman, Erna Averdieck, Ellen Barsotti, Eloise Breeze, Dorothea Bried, Adelgunde Busse, Ilene Hemminga, Vera Hockett, Lillian Nelson and Rosemond Thorup; second sopranos, Freida Boegershausen, Florence Dutcher, Catherine Fratessa, Charlotte Madden, Gertrude Manzo, Helen Norton, Dorothy Rehfeld and Georgina Skinner; altos, Paula Aron, Nancy Bean, Eunice Gastoldi, Phoebe Harding-Mason, Mabel Jones, Eleanor

Judah, Esther Kelly, Madlyn Pierson, Della Santina and Dorothy Smith.

The sextette has been busy practising their numbers for graduation. It is composed of: first sopranos, Sara Addleman, Dorothea Bried; second sopranos, Catherine Fratessa, Charlotte Madden; and altos, Eleanor Judah and Madlyn Pierson.

The Glee Club and Sextette have prepared a program of special numbers to be given Commencement Night. During the term they sang at Music Hour, and different members put on musical stunts at the rallies.

As the Glee Club has a limited membership, it has tried to extend its work to the Student Body through Music Hour.

The Glee Club as an organization wishes to thank Miss Sinclair for her never-failing patience, Mrs. Brant, our splendid pianist, and Miss Otto, who has been our inspiration.

Tennis Club



THE tennis tournament, for which plans are now being made, will start so late in the term that we cannot even predict the outcome as we go to press. Already more than forty contestants have entered from both beginning and advanced classes. Miss Mitchell has been teaching beginners the game and each Wednesday afternoon has seen new recruits out. The Tennis Club hopes that its membership will continue to increase. The officers of the club during the past semester have been: Aileen Farley, president; Frances Canfield, vice-president; Elvera Santina, secretary, and Bernice Rowe, sergeant-at-arms.



RUTH HARVEY-96J



Francis Horgan 96X



JULIA CARLSON 971



ESTELLEBARBIERRE 97X

Class Presidents



Francis Canffeld 98 J



MARY ANTHONY 28X



RUTHCUMMINGS99J



GENEVIEVE HILL-99X

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12++-

Class Notes

A T the beginning of the term, 26X elected the following officers: Frances Horgan, president; Thelma Thomas, vice-president; Frances Shepard, secretary; Helen Boty, Board of Control member, and Catherine McKendrick, yell leader. A class spread, a joint luncheon and entertainment for the school at the Senior Social were the outstanding events of the term.

The 27J class passed a very successful term under the direction of Julia Carlson. The other class officers were: Rosamund Thorup, vice-president; Lois Detzen, secretary; Paula Aron, sergeant-at-arms; Jula Samuely, yell leader, and Dorothy Austin, Board of Control member. A joint luncheon at Lux helped to make a lively semester.

As a regular event of the schools, the Junior-Freshman picnic was given on April 30, and voted a great success. Those 27X girls who ruled over the others this past semester were: President, Estelle Barbieri; Elizabeth Loofbourow, vice-president; Charlotte Madden, secretary; Edith Hansen, Board of Control; Dorothy Querola, sergeant-at-arms, and Frances Nettle, yell leader.

Through the wonderful support and co-operation of the officers of the 28J class, a most wonderful term can be reported. Those who aided Frances Canfield, our president, in her work were: Verna Selmer, vice-president; Lilian Schaefer, secretary; Jennie Galli, sergeant-at-arms, and Syble Riddell, Board of Control member. One of the largest social functions of the term was the Senior-Sophomore luncheon on St. Patrick's Day.

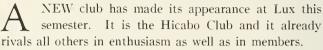
Those who have held the destinies of the 28X class in hand during the past semester are: Mary Anthony, president; Helen Small, vice-president; Myrtle Wright, secretary; Carolyn Fernell, Board of Control member; Margaret Garquillo, yell leader, and Lauretta Breckle, sergeant-at-arms. They showed the right spirit and ability at the Freshman Initiation Rally.

29J has had a very interesting term under the direction of Ruth Cummings. Those who assisted her in putting over a bigger and better term were: Cathryn Hallenwell, vice-president; Elizabeth Mancrieff, secretary; Gertrude Manzo, sergeant-at-arms, and Alice Tutti, yell leader. A stunt put on at the Rally was a big success.

The 29X class has been guided through its term by having Genevieve Hill as its first president. They are such a peppy bunch that they soon became acquainted and elected their officers. The president elected was Isabel Schultz. The Freshmen , enjoyed the picnic given them by the Juniors and are waiting to even up their indebtedness.



Hicabo Club

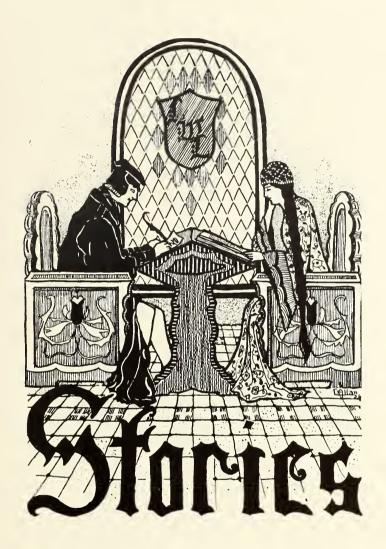


The club is composed of three groups, taking its novel name from the first two letters of each. They are the Hiking Club, guided by Helen Norton, the Camera Club under Jula Samuely and the Botany Club, led by Norma Lastrucci. The three form parts of one large club, whose officers for the past semester have been: President, Sara Addleman; Vice-President, Betty Cook; Secretary, Helen McIntyre, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Eleanor Judah.

As the first chapter in our club's history, Miss Otto invited us to have an outing at her home at Lux Grove on March 13. The day proved a success, for in addition to selecting and naming our Hicabo Tree in Lux Grove and walking to Palm Hill, the girls in the hiking section had their hike (by the way, girls, if you are thinking of reducing, this should be your club!), while the Camera and Botany girls took snapshots around the canyon and picked many wild flowers, becoming better acquainted with their botanical relations. Another unique feature of our club was a "Get Acquainted Luncheon" which was a decided success. If anyone joins our club she may be sure she will not be one of the many, but one of the acquainted.

In addition, numerous hikes have been taken by the club to such places as Lagunitas and Grizzly Peak, outings in the Park have been enjoyed by the Botany section, and, in general the co-operation of the three groups is proving worthy the name Hicabo for our club. We hope we will continue to increase in popularity and in members. All the girls who have joined so far wish to express hearty thanks to our advisors, Miss Fassett, Miss Mitchell and Miss Clark.





The Soldier

The shock of painful darkness slowly passed, and he began to remember. They—the 170th, the "Bloody Beggars"—had been stationed on Chatrouil Ridge. Company A had been ordered to push forward and capture Hill No. 5, just opposite them, as their part in the great Battle of the Somme. "Gord! W'y don't they tell us t' commit sooicide an' be done wi' it?" the man next to him had growled when the order was announced. That had been the general sentiment, for Hill No. 5 was famous as the place which the pick of many regiments had nine times vainly tried to capture, being driven back each time by a terrible, withering fire from the enemy's machine guns in enfilade.

He was one of the first to fall. Not ten strides had he taken from the edge of their own trench when a hidden machine gun opened on them, sweeping him down with dozens of others.

He wondered where he had been hit. It was a queer thing that he had felt no pain till several seconds after he fell. He tried to move, but the attempt was rewarded by such horrible searing pain in back and side that he sank back again.

He did not mind dying for his country if it would do any good—that was what he had enlisted for—but how could his dying here, even before he had seen the enemy—how could that help? What had been the use of the death of all those many men who had fallen in the other attempts to capture Hill No. 5? That might not seem too heavy a price to pay if they succeeded this time, even; but if the Germans kept it; if—Christ! It was too terrible to think about. He would probably never know what happened to Hill No. 5, anyway. A few more hours would see his finish.

The noise around him made his head ache. There were so many sounds!— The wasp-like crack of rifles; the even clack of machine guns like typewriters in a busy office; men's hoarse shouts; a shell whining overhead and another bursting near him with a splashing shock; and above and below and around everything else, the deep boom and rumble of the big guns.

He didn't want to die. He shivered and a wave of nausea ran through him as a gradual realization of all the things that Death would mean sifted in. His mother would weep. And there was a girl . . . That was a painful thought; he steered his mind away from it. He had made plans; all shattered now. Death!—He wondered what it would be like. He hadn't lived any too well, either . . .

He drifted away into unconsciousness, through which dreadful ideas kept obtruding themselves. He struggled with some invisible opponent. It was noon before he came to himself again. A hot sun was beating down. He was thirsty...

Someone was bending over him—his mother, perhaps? He opened lanquid eyes and saw a man offering him a drink, slipping an arm beneath his shoulders and bringing him to a sitting position. He no longer felt any pain, but he was very weak. He tried to speak. The stretcher-bearer who held him bent to listen.

"Hill—No. 5—did we?—."

The stretcher-bearer nodded. "Yes," said he, loudly, that the dimming ears might catch the words. "They're consolidating now. We're advancing everywhere. The Boche is licked, old boy!"

The man in his arms smiled faintly. "Perhaps—not too heavy a price—" he whispered. Then, loudly and clearly, a final effort—"Carry on! Steady!" He fell back, still smiling.

"God—he's dead!" said the stretcher-bearer, who was very young.

+ 4%

NOTE—This sketch is based on a letter from a French poilu to his American "war godmother." Hill No. 5 was an actual danger-point, though on the French line, not the British. The original soldier was not killed, though he was very close to death for a long time. In the letter he described his emotions during the long day in which he lay, wounded, in No-Man's Land.

Wendela Hawkins, 281.

Far Samoa

UR ship had docked without mishap, and at last we were in Samoa. The entire island was overhung with heavy clouds; this made it impossible for the intense rays of the tropical sun to disturb the pleasant coolness of the morning.

It was with great interest that I watched the native workmen, who had already started to unload the ship, for each one would look over every box, lift it, and if it was too heavy, he would leave it for the next fellow; when a small crate was passed out, there would be a mad scramble to get it. Why was it, that in this invigorating climate, these husky and beautiful specimens of man should show such laziness? I inquired about this of one of the sailors; it was with great disgust that he said, "It's born in 'em."

Leaving the small landing, I walked up a narrow road so overhung with foliage that one could not see the sun. A death-like stillness pervaded, only to be broken by the crash of falling coconuts. I had gone only a short distance when I noticed a young man reclining in the shade of a large bread-fruit tree; I moved about, trying to obtain a snapshot of him, but met with no success, due to the heavy shadow of the tree. Perceiving that he was still unaware of my presence, I thought it would be interesting to watch him.

He looked about him and picked up a dry leaf; this he rolled into a tube about six inches long and as thick as an ordinary cigarette. He placed it in his mouth and reached for a stick that lay at his feet; this he rubbed with a small pointed one until the powder, collected at one end of the groove thus made, had begun smouldering. All the time he had been blowing through the tube. So still rubbing and blowing he gathered a handful of dry moss that lay all about on the ground and placed it cautiously around the smouldering wood dust until it burst into a tiny flame. He now put the rolled leaf into it and puffed away until it was lit. He threw away the stick, put sand on the fire and settled back to enjoy his smoke.

All this was done without his having to move a foot from his resting place. I then knew the reason for the sailor's curt reply.

Douglas Thompson, 27J.

Over-Sized Cords

VER since the coming of large bottomed pants, my ambition had been to own a real pair of extra wide trousers that would make every one sit up and take notice. Like all great things, my dream had taken time for realization; but at last the end was in sight.

I started out on a moderate scale with the eighteen-inch size. Even then I was very, very self-conscious on my first appearance before the public, and very susceptible to the jibes of a stupid, unappreciative populace. The next step was a "best suit" of full twenty-inch bottoms. Hot Dog! I spent hours contemplating those "bags" with a ruler in hand for actual measurement to convince doubting friends. At the time, I thought that I had reached the very heights of desire and was pleased to walk complacently through the streets, adopting that aloof and superior air towards the public, which I soon learned to use.

Then, without warning, my mental serenity was completely destroyed. As I was walking down Market Street one afternoon, before my flabbergasted gaze appeared a young man of very flashy mien, attired in pants of unbelievable width. I followed my god in a daze, scarcely noting in what direction I moved. A swirl of traffic, and in the rush he was gone, and I was left with but a memory of the ultimate goal for which I must strive.

After that incident, I entered a life of scraping and saving in order to raise the money (I learned the price from friends) necessary to reach this new height of "pantdom." Finally, with the task completed and the money in my pocket, I set out to a store where I had been told these *maxima latitudine* pants were sold. Entering the establishment, I wandered about watchfully, trying to locate the object of my search. My attention was attracted by a group of young men who were standing beside a case, and looking at its contents with an attitude of deepest abstraction. I joined them quietly, and this is what I saw. Above the case was a sign, "OXFORD BAGS"—SEVEN DOLLARS, while within, resplendent in the grandeur of full twenty-six inch leg bottoms, lay a pair of corduroy trousers. I paid the price required, and never will I forget the admiration bestowed upon me by my little audience.

Now for the debut! It was Halloween and that night I was going to a party. When the hour approached, I slipped the garment on, and stood trembling before the mirror in pure ecstasy. Were they not wonderful? I entered the streets and started towards my destination. The terrors of Hades descended upon me, for I was observed and followed by a constantly increasing mob of dirty urchins and mongrel dogs. Rocks, dirt, sticks, and other missiles found me as their mark with disturbing frequency. Crude jokes regarding the magnificent width of my pants were hurled back and forth. In an attempt to hurdle an obstruction gracefully, my foot caught within the folds of my "cords" and I hit the pavement for no gain, and a six-inch rip in my pants. This destroyed what little was left of my equanimity and I "lost my head," starting to run, a race which soon proved fatal. Encumbered by the surplus cloth, I was tripped time and again until my trousers were ripped to shreds and myself reduced to a dirty, greasy, sweaty, disheveled wretch who staggered half senseless

down the street, followed by a tremendous mob of jeering boys, girls, women, men and several scores of dogs, who nipped my heels when chance offered and added their barks to the general din. Finally, as all things must end, I reached my home, a haven of refuge, and somehow staggered in and locked myself from the rabble outside who continued to shout and laugh for some hours.

Will I ever forget that terrible episode in my life? Even yet, in the calm maturity of after life, I awake screaming in my sleep from a terrible nightmare of that never-to-be-forgotten night. Balloon pants? Lord pity the man who tries to sell them to me!

H. Freeman, 26J.

Just Happiness

'Tis Happiness that fills this land;
It shines from every web that's spanned
Across the bark from tree to tree.
Oh, what a world of harmony!

— Just Happiness.

It calls from mountains, land and sea, It sings in every melody, It smiles from every eye and see, And lasts for an eternity,

—It's Happiness.

How useless then to sigh or moan,
For if you cry, you cry alone.
So smile the widest you possess,
And let your heart its joy express.
What will be yours? Why, can't you guess?
It's Happiness—just Happiness.
Jula Samuely, 27J.

The Gnarled Oak

THIS is a tale of the modern age, but it harks back to the days of Captain Kidd—the days in which many queer, as well as wonderful things have been known to occur. It happened that there were two very large estates adjoining one another in Sussex, England. One was inhabited by a fine old family by the name of Lisle, the other, by an equally old and fine family bearing the name of Carfax. Old Craig Lisle possessed a young son whom he thought the very world of, but Roger, the son, seemed to think just as much of his young and beautiful neighbor, Corrinne Carfax. The two families, due to a feud, were not on speaking terms and had not been since the time of their children's infancy. This feud, however, did not prevent Roger and Corrinne from being hopelessly in love with each other.

The feud had sprung up many years before, when Craig Lisle and George Carfax were boys. Their fathers had quarreled over the boundary of their estates. It seems that there was a bent and gnarled oak tree which had stood, no one knew for how long, somewhere near their division lines. Grandfather Lisle swore it was on his estate. After several years of bickering over it, the two boys, Craig and George, who persisted in playing together against their parents' wishes, discovered a will in a strange manner.

The estates were located near the coast, and the two boys enjoyed playing in and about the various caves which encrusted the shores. One day, while in one of these caves, George fell into what seemed to be a pit, but was merely a shaft of about fifteen feet which led into a subterranean vault. The boys explored it, and far back in the innermost recesses of this vault found an iron-bound box. They secured tools and pried it open, expecting to find jewels or something of the like, but were quite disappointed to find only an old strongbox containing a yellow paper, which was sealed. They carried this home to their fathers, who opened it.

This settled the argument. The paper was a will that had been drawn up by two very distant relatives of Lisle and Carfax. The will ran as follows:

Ye ould oak tree separates Carfax Manor from Lisle Manor. Ye boundary line runs thro' ye ould oak's roots. When ye oak falls, the side on which it rests, will retain ye Carfax-Lisle tresure which lies, buried beneath ye oak. Do not harm till ye oak falls of its own accord.

John Lisle James Carfax For a number of years after this the families were on friendly terms. George and Craig each married and inherited the manors. However, the feud was soon resumed. One dark night Craig Lisle went out to the old oak tree and inserted steel rods underground on Carfax's side so that with the decaying of the roots the tree would fall on the Lisle property. A short time later a servant of Carfax discovered the rods. He immediately reported the fact to his master, who became very angry and swore never again to speak to or recognize the Lisle family.

Young Roger and Corrinne could not recall the time when their parents had been on speaking terms. Deciding it would be impossible to gain the parents' consent for their marriage, Roger decided to elope. The plan did not meet with approval from Corrinne, who flatly refused in spite of her love for Roger. This resulted in a lover's quarrel and they separated in anger. For three days they did not see each other; this was quite extraordinary, as their quarrels were never of long duration.

The third night a terrific storm arose which uprooted many of the trees round about. Early the following morning both families rushed out to see if the tree still stood. It had fallen—but not entirely on either side. It lay directly on the boundary line. You can imagine the consternation that was pictured on each and every face.

They all set to work with pick and shovel and soon the rain-soaked soil was flying in all directions. It was not long before they unearthed the "treasure." It proved to be a chest entwined by roots. After tugging and chopping they pulled it from the hole and breathlessly opened it.

Suddenly a new light dawned on their faces. The sun came out. The birds were singing, and everything was clear. In the box lay the "treasure."

It was a stone slab and on it was carved one of the Ten Commandments. Can you guess which one it was?

Sara Addleman, 27J.

The Clouds

'Neath the shady willow tree
Absorbed in thoughts I lie;
While floating westward to the sea
The snowy clouds go by.

I seem to see great castles built,
And fairy things torn down,
The clouds are like an airy quilt
Hovering above the town.

Verna Selmer, 28J.

Dulled Minds

A WHISTLE shrilled loudly. Those who heard it looked fearfully about. They knew that it could mean but one thing, the escaping of convicts from the prison.

In a little thicket near an unfrequented road croached two breathless figures. Short cut hair and grey prison clothes unquestionably denoted them as convicts. They got up and peered cautiously about but, seeing no one, they quickly rolled a large stone to one side of the road and returned to the bushes to wait. Their efforts were not in vain, for suddenly their straining ears caught the sound of an approaching automobile. The purr of the motor became louder and louder until the automobile was hardly a hundred feet away.

Their hopes were realized for the car contained two men. The driver slowed down to almost a halt to pass the stone. A movement in the bushes attracted his attention. He jammed down the accelerator—too late—a dull sickly thud and he slipped into unconsciousness. The other man struggled desperately, but was soon overpowered by his determined antagonists. Quickly the convicts changed into the clothes of the unconscious men and drove away in the stolen automobile.

It was a moment they had looked forward to for years—years of toil, years of hardships, years that had slowly dulled their minds until but one thought remained—revenge. During the weary hours of long nights they had planned and replanned their escape and above all their revenge on the man who had sentenced them, Judge Waymouth. And now, the time had come.

A terrible storm was raging outside. The rain fell from the black, forbidding sky in torrents. Peals of thunder roared mightily and then grew quiet. Streaks of lightning pierced the dark night, struck trees, split them in two. The wind raced wildly about, hurling itself at any object that dared to be in its path. Such was the scene which surrounded the Waymouth home on the outskirts of a small town in England.

Inside the house a boy of about fifteen years paced the floor of a fashionable room. He appeared a little nervous at being left alone on such a night as this, his mother and father being away on a visit. Having nothing else to do he walked over to the book cabinet and selected a book entitled "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The title sounded promising, but gave no hint of the nature of its contents. Had he known that the book was a famous mystery story he probably would not have read it. He seated himself comfortably and began to read. Suddenly he thought he heard a noise. He sat tense, listening for more, but no further sound came, so he cautiously got up and searched the house. He could find nothing, so he finally gave up the search and returned to his reading. The book proved to be strangely interesting so he did not stir until he had finished it. The old hall clock had just struck one-thirty when Frank sleepily climbed into bed. He lay awake for awhile trying to figure out the cause of the strange noise but concluded that it must have been the wind—or his imagination. A few moments later he fell asleep.

A door opened quietly and two dark shadows entered the room in which Frank lay asleep. They had come to the house to murder the old judge but, finding him not at home, their minds bent on revenge had conceived the idea that the death of his son would be a more complete payment of their score. Noiselessly the two convicts walked over to the bed. From the inner pocket of his coat one of them drew a small glass instrument. At one end was a small round tube, and from the other end there extended a long point. The man drew closer to the bedside and prepared to strike. He raised his arm—two pistol shots rang out in the still air and two lifeless bodies sank to the floor. The odor of gunpowder was mixed with that of the most deadly poison known. Scotland Yard had not been idle.

Eugene Haas, 27J.

Summer Tragedy

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A blue clear sky—
A rippling stream—
A little splash—
A rainbow gleam—

A flick, a pull—
(Oh, steady, now!)
If I just had a boat,
Of any kind—a scow—

The biggest fish
I've had today!
Nearly landed, but—
He
got
away!
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Wendela Hawkins, 28J.

The Golden Heart

TOURAINE, the "jewel of France," is the California of Europe. Many years ago nobles and princes built palaces there. Some of these are now in ruins, but many still remain in all the glory which the craftsmen of that time knew how to create.

Among the smaller castles, one of the most important was Couziere. The Montbazons of Couziere were famous for the production of "fair women and brave men." Indeed, some claim that the great statue of the Virgin which rears its height from the castle roof, a landmark for miles around, represents one of the long-dead ladies of the house. Many, however, still doubt this—and with reason.

In 1650, the head of the family was one Guy Henri Charles. Before he inherited the title and the estates, he had been a sculptor of some merit, and still retained an interest in artistic matters.

One morning he had been out riding, and returned by way of the village of Montbazon-Couziere. The village was almost empty. It was a bright, clear day, and nearly everyone was out in the fields. The only person in sight was a boy of about fourteen, sprawled beside the road. He was working with a square of thin white bark and a bit of charcoal. Something in his motions attracted M. de Montbazon, who reined in his horse and bent from the saddle to watch.

The horse whinnied. The boy sprang to his feet and stood embarrassed. Mont-bazon recognized him as Paul Lambert, an orphan. The curé had said of him, "Ah, Monseigneur, what can be done with such a one as that? He is inattentive in church, he will not learn. All he does is draw pictures. He is a good-for-naught."

All this passed through Montbazon's mind in an instant. "What dost thou there?" he asked kindly. Timidly, Paul gave him the picture. He took it and examined it carefully, with the connoisseur's eye. His horse, feeling that the reins were loose, dropped his head and began to crop the short roadside grass.

"Hum!" said Montbazon at last. "Have you any more like this?"

"Y-yes, Monseigneur," stammered Paul.

"May I see some of them?"

They were produced—a thick pile. Montbazon glanced through them.

He looked up. "Will you permit me to take some of them with me? I should like to examine them more carefully."

"But—certainly, Monseigneur."

"Good. You may come to the castle tomorrow evening and I will give them back again."

He tucked them into his riding-boot, spoke to his horse, and cantered off, leaving a very dazed boy behind him.

11

The pictures were remarkably good. Most of them—the best ones—were portraits of people of the village. Montbazon chuckled over one irreverant sketch of the curé, which Paul had evidently not meant to include. When the boy was shown into the great drawing-room, the lord's mind was made up.

He spoke curtly. "On the basis of the merit which I have found in your work,

I have decided to send you to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, where you will learn to develop your talent."

Paul was overcome. "Oh—Monseigneur . . ." he stammered brokenly. "Enough, You may go."

111

Paul spent eight years at school—five at a boys' school and three at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He learned more than rules for the construction of the Latin subjunctive, or how to paint a highlight on a cheek. M. de Montbazon, in placing him, had made no mention of his peasant origin. His French was pure, and he had absorbed enough of the curé's teachings to get along. He made a number of friendships among the sons of nobles.

When he graduated, M. de Montbazon introduced him into society. He was well-built and fairly good looking, he knew when to talk and when to be silent, and he was talented. Society took him to its bosom. He was overwhelmed by commissions for portraits.

There were many lovely ladies in the Paris of that day. The loveliest of all was Agnes de Bienville, a lady of Normandy. She was straight and slender as the poplars of her home, and her face was comparable to one of the apple-blossoms in the orchards they enclosed. She sat for Lambert.

It was slow work. Day after day her carriage rattled up to the door. Day after day she mounted the stairs, to the accompaniment of a frou-frou of swishing silks. Day after day they conversed. He grew as familiar with her exquisite features as he was with his own, and after a time he grew to carry them in his heart.

In short, he fell in love. He would have spoken of it, but it seemed to him impossible that she could love him in return, and it might anger her so that those hours of delightful companionship would be broken short. So during many weeks he was silent.

At last came the day when the portrait was finished. As she stood looking at it, her glorious beauty overcame him, and he spoke.

To his amazement, she turned from him and hid her face in her hands. "Ah, Paul," she said sadly, "why did you not speak before? For I love you in return—."

"Beloved!" he cried, and tried to take her in his arms. She warded him off with an extended hand.

"No, Paul, you must not," said she. "I love you truly, but we must not speak of it any more, for—ah, how can I tell it?—I am betrothed."

"To whom?" He was engulfed in a wave of jealousy.

It is the Comte de Monguire," she told him simply.

"That wizened monkey? But you do not love him, surely."

"No—I love you! But my father wishes it." She faced him and smiled bravely, but he could see tears shining in the depths of her eyes.

"Paul," she said steadily, but all sorrow was in her voice, "we must put all thoughts of each other from our hearts. In this world we must be separated, but who knows but that in another we may be united?" Her voice trembled. She could stand it no longer. "Farewell!" she said, and turning left him.

He stood perfectly still till the sound fo her carriage wheels had died away. Then he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. His love, if she had not confessed that she returned it, would probably have died out; as it was, it became a true, strong passion which never died out. So much will the smallest freak of Destiny do!

He sat there for hours. Noon came; the afternoon passed. About three o'clock, wheels again rumbled in the courtyard. Paul started up eagerly, but it was only the servants come to take away the picture. When they were gone, Paul became feverishly active. He took out a small ivory plaque, brushes and colors, and began to paint from memory a miniature of Agnes.

He worked with quick short strokes, absorbed in his work. The likeness began to take form. The day passed, and the long bright evening. When it grew too dark to work, he rose and lit the candles, bringing them close to his table and ranging them in a half-circle beside him.

At last, as the church clocks were sounding midnight, it was done. He blew out the candles and lay down on the couch, holding the still damp miniature in his hands and regarding it by the moonlight which streamed in through the open windows.

The next day he went to see M. de Montbazon.

"Monseigneur," he said, "Paris wearies me. The strain of work and of late hours is making me ill. I should like to go to the country for a time."

Montbazon looked at him keenly. Certainly he did not look well. "I have no objection," he answered. "You have no important commissions at present?"

"None, Monseigneur."

"Then you may go as soon as you can prepare—tomorrow, if you wish. There is some work I should like to have you do at Couzieres."

"Tomorrow, then, with your kind permission, I shall leave," said Paul gratefully. When he reached Couziere, the nature of the work was explained. Some years before, M. de Montbazon had made a vow to the Virgin that if he was successful in a certain very difficult enterprise, he would erect a statue of her on the roof of his castle. Much to everyone's surprise, he did succeed, and as he was a good Catholic and rich, he wished to fulfil the vow.

Paul at once set work on the model from which would be cast the bronze figure. He had several assistants who did most of the rough work, but he allowed no one to help him on the finer finishing and polishing. When it came to the face, he found that he was making it in the very likeness of Agnes—not from any desire of his own, but because her figure was so constantly in his mind that he could not help it.

In the work he found what was almost peace. Two years passed before the statue was completed and set up. The finished bronze was hollow, as otherwise its enormous weight could not have been raised from the ground. It was fastened by great spikes driven through the bottom into the stone. To make this possible, there was a large opening in the bottom, which was closed by a trapdoor.

At last it was finished. The statue stood looking out over miles of countryside even as it does today. One by one the workmen went down through the trapdoor, Paul naturally being the last.

But he did not go down immediately. When he was alone, he took a package from his pocket. He unwrapped it, and drew out a large lump of solid gold, shaped

like a heart. In the top of it was a tiny hole, through which ran a thin gilt cord. By this he hung it to a projection. Then in his turn he made a vow.

"Holy Mother," he prayed silently, "I hang here this heart of pure gold for thee, symbolic of the pure and gentle heart of"—for the first time in two years he pronounced her name, even though silently—"Agnes de Bienville, who has hardened herself against me lest we sin. Holy Mother, till that heart melt again do I put all thought of her away, and dedicate myself to serving thee."

Then he went down through the trapdoor and closed and bolted it behind him. He kept his vow. During two more long years he worked, sometimes among the poor of Montbazon-Couziere and the neighboring villages, sometimes in Paris. The trapdoor remained bolted.

And then came a summer of awful heat. Old men said that never had there been such a summer in their time or in that of their parents and grandparents. The fruit rotted on the trees, and those who should have picked it lay on the ground and gasped. The leaves shriveled up. The wheat crop was gone, and the fields lay brown and bare. The pitiless sun beat down on city farm, and tower, and the very Loire flowed sluggishly in its bed, a muddy trickle. The metal of the great statue heated almost to melting-point.

Montbazon, fearing for its safety, asked Paul to examine it to see if anything were wrong.

He mounted the ladder, pushed back the rusty bolt, and climbed up into the chamber. It was almost unbearably hot.

Paul glanced about hastily. The bronze had stood the strain and the spikes were holding; all was well. Paul's eye reached the point where hung the golden heart—and he stared in amazement. The awful heat had softened the gold till it had begun to melt, and had almost entirely lost its shape!

Paul felt that it was an omen. He took the heart down, put it in his pocket, and once more descended. That night, he rode for Paris.

IV

When he arrived, he went directly to Agnes' home. What was his surprise to see a black bow on the knocker and the footman wearing a broad black band about his arm.

"What has happened? Is anyone dead?" he demanded.

"Yes, m'sieur," said the footman. "Alas!" My illustrious master is dead of apoplexy brought on by the heat. My mistress is in the deepest mourning!"

"May I see Madame?" requested Paul. He felt as if someone had been stirring up his brains with a stick, and he spoke with an effort.

"I do not think she is seeing anyone," said the footman doubtfully.

"She will see me," insisted Paul. He felt in his pocket. "Here, take this and go drink your master's health in Paradise."

The footman's eyes gleamed as he took the coin. "Yes, sir; this way."

And in a moment Paul was shown into the presence of Agnes, Comptesse de Monguire. She rose in surprise, finding no words at first. However, she retained enough presence of mind to wave away the footman.

When they were alone, Paul finally burst out. "Ma belle!"

"Paul"—she warned.

"There is no one between us now, Agnes," he cried. "Ah, say that your love has endured."

"It has, it has," she answered softly. "But how came you here? He died only last night, and I thought you were in the country."

Then he told her all the history of the golden heart. When he had done, she said slowly, "I think, dear Paul, that the Holy Mother favors our union, as she has vouchsafed us such a sign."

"Then you consent to marry me?" he exclaimed in delight.

"Yes. As soon as my mourning is over. And we will give the gold to the poor on our wedding day."

"All save enough for the wedding ring, beloved," said he happily.

That year passed slowly but happily. The two were together every day. At the end of the period they were married very quietly. M. de Montbazon decided that probably nothing else could hurt the statue, so the wooden trapdoor was replaced by a slab of stone.

Thus, nothing but an old-wives' tale remains of the true history of The Golden Heart.

Wendela Hawkins, 28J.



Mountain Friends

Oh mountains, just to
look at you!

To feel your eyes on me—
To see your towers steely blue
In sweet tranquility!

You seem to know, to think, to
feel—

I'm certain that you speak To me when I'm alone; You call from every peak, You call to me with friendship

true-

You hold me from afar Your simple glory, calm and warmth Will always be my guiding star. Jula Samuely, 27 J.





Fifty-four



Winning the Championship

UR champion unlimited basketball team, under the perfect coaching of Mr. Spalding, enjoyed one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school. From a team of few veterans Coach Spalding worked up a fast-passing, accurate-shooting team and brought out from the players the well-known "tiger spirit."

The first practice game was with San Jose High and different combinations were tried. This did not seem to mar the team's progress and they emerged victorious with the score of Lick 25, San Jose 9. The next game was with University High and we finished on the long end of a 36 to 15 score. Following this, the team was put to the acid test in defeating San Mateo 42 to 40. Our next game was with a team of alumni all-stars, who after a desperate rally in the last few minutes of play, inflicted upon us our only defeat of the season.

Our first victims in the S. F. A. L. were the Potter quintet. The unlimiteds showed their power on both offense and defense by running up a score of 37 to 7, the Potter team getting but one field goal. The following week the varsity was forced to the limit to defeat the fast Sacred Heart five by a 16 to 11 score. The next opponent was Galileo, and what a game that was! It was nip and tuck all the way, first the Galileans leading and then a spurt by the Tigers. Lick won out in the final minute of play—score: Lick 23, Galileo 22. Our attack was shifted for the next game with our ancient rivals Lowell, which was for the divisional championship. Our rooting section showed up well in this and the following games. The Tigers started off with a bang and gained a comfortable lead before the Lowell five could get started. The game was a typical Lick-Lowell game with every ounce of spirit

and energy expended by the players of both teams and by the rooting sections of both schools. At the end of the game the score board read: Lick 23, Lowell 19. Hopes for a city championship at last arrived and the team was all keyed up for the game with Mission High, winners of the other division. Coach Spalding instilled into the team a fighting confidence which could not deny them victory. The game was played before a crowd of twenty-five hundred people and among the crowd were many alumni members, who seem to back us up in whatever we do. The first half was hard-fought and our Tigers were leading by a score of 12 to 10. In the third quarter the team was having tough luck at finding the basket and were accorded one point to their opponent's 9. With the score 19 to 13 against them and with but 8 minutes to play our hopes seemed futile. But between quarters a change that will never be forgotten came over the team. They came out fighting with that "never say die spirit," which only a Lick man knows. In that last quarter Lick ran roughshod over the Missionites and acquired their first unlimited basketball title by the score of Lick 26, Mission 19, the latter not getting one point during the last quarter.

The members of the team were:

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Elmo Cope—Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 145 lbs. Forward. Elmo has a remarkable eye for seeing the basket and is one of the outstanding players in the league.

Joe Smith—Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 155 lbs. Forward. Joe was a consistent point-getter. His playing was so spectacular that he was picked as forward on the official all-star team.

Howard Gilmore—Height 6 ft. 1¾ in. Weight 165 lbs. Center. "How" jumped at center and dropped back to play an unusually brilliant game as guard. "How" is rated as the best guard in the S. F. A. L.

Ralph Fifield—Height 6 ft. Weight 155 lbs. Guard. Ralph was one of the most dependable guards in the league. He had a habit of keeping the opposing forwards from shooting.

"Whitey" Lausten—Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 155 lbs. Guard. "Whitey" was always on top of the forwards before they could get the ball and his shooting always entered into the scoring column.

Jack Hursh—Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 155 lbs. Guard. Jack was a hard and consistent player and had a habit of breaking up opponents' dribbles.

"Jake" Reilly-Forward. A consistent point-getter and clever floor man.

"Ted" Labhard--Guard. Ted was handicapped by his size, but his fight overcame this handicap.

"Al" Rodgers-Forward. A clever floor player with a good eye for the basket.

"Dutch" Bremer—Guard. A new man, with plenty of ability.



130's

THE 130-pound basketball team, under the excellent coaching of Mr. Spalding, enjoyed a very successful season.

The first league game was played with Mission and the thirties stepped out and showed class in defeating Mission by the score of 19 to 13. The next league game was against our old rivals Lowell, and after an extra period of play our lightweights again bowed down to defeat to a team that won their remaining games and the championship by large scores—score: Lowell 11, Lick 10. Our next game was with Commerce and our lightweights showed their class by running up the highest score of the 130 pound league—score: Lick 32, Commerce 12. In our last game we were defeated by Cogswell—score: 19 to 13.

The members of the team were:

Frank Olmo—Forward. A consistent point-getter, who has a habit of shooting baskets. He was picked on the official all-star team.

Ben Gilmore—Center. Ben has an eagle eye for the basket and is equally good on defense.

"Dub" Dubkoff—Forward. A good shot and clever defensive player.

Gary Garavatti-Guard. A guard who keeps the opposing forwards worried.

Herb Freeman—Guard. One of the best guards in the league.

George Westlund-Forward. George can always be depended on for points.

Dave Barr—Center and Forward. A good man with lots of ability coupled with plenty of fight.

Ted Judah—Forward. A dependable substitute.

Earl Jones—Guard. The only freshman on the team, and a good guard.



Unlimited Track Team

THE heavy-weight track team is composed mostly of veterans. The team has had a few dual meets with various high school teams. At the Northern California C. I. F. meet our four entrants made a good showing. Captain Peavy made all our points, scoring in the hurdles and pole vault.

Although the S. F. A. L. meet has not been held as yet, Lick should make a very good showing. With such men as Captain Peavy, "Scotchy" McKay, John Hurley, Manager George Hurley, Clyde Steele, George Leffa and "Coco" Westin, it will be hard to keep Lick out of the scoring.

At the interclass meet little talent was discovered. The meet was won by 27, with 26 taking second place, 28 third, and 29 last. Oliver Peavy and John Hurley were "high point" men for their respective classes.

Joe Hazelwood, Robert Shearn and "Al" Rodgers are supporting the team this year, and a great deal is expected of them.





Junior Track Team

THE light-weight track team have a strong group this term and are bidding strong for the Championship. The members are practicing hard for their respective races.

There are many veterans on the team who placed well in the former meets and are out to better their preceding performances.

Among the members there are such stars as: William Kot, 27x, who is figured to place high in the 75-yard dash, broad jump and the high jump; Morten Hocker, 27J, a fast man in the 75 and 100-yard dashes; Roy Leu, 27J, a veteran sprinter; Harry Nichols, 27J, who will figure in the broad jump and the dashes; George Dubkoff, 26X, is throwing the shot at a very good distance, and George Ferrari, 29X, a freshman, is running the dashes in very fast time.

With this array of talent, Lick has formed a well-balanced team.





Swimming Team

THE team did not receive the support due them at the meet this year. The members of the team practiced hard and faithfully in order to make a good showing. Although they did not win the S. F. A. L. meet, they had the "old spirit" to try their hardest. The team was without a coach this year.

Interclass swimming was won by 28 by a narrow margin over 27, with 26 placing 3rd and 99 last. Some very good talent was discovered at this meet.

The members of the team were: Manager Clyde Steel, 26X; George Hurley, 27X; John Hurley, 26X; Al Rodgers, 27J; John Grundy, 28J; Jacobs, 27X; Arthur Baggenstos, 28J; Naci Kubicek, 28X, and R. Temby, 27J.





Basketball "Champs"

BASKETBALL during the last semester was supported very well by all the classes. The Senior team, composed of the 25X and 26J classes, "walked off" with the championship. Yes, they only "walked off" with it because the other teams saw to it that they didn't "run off" with it. Every game was fought with pep and enthusiasm. One, two, three and the Seniors were envied by all.

The "champs" were: "Ikey" Fannen, "Gen" Berg (Captain), and "Myrt" Cavanaugh, forwards; "Rosy" McBride and "Bee" Salter, guards; "Toby" Farley and "Al" Ritter, tap centers; "Marg" Magner (Manager), "Tee" Tutt, and "Ouich" Abeling, centers.

The captains of the other teams were: Mary Hopkins 26X, Esther Kelly 27J, Carol Berg 27X, Viola Cantoni 28J, Mary Anthony 28X and Elvera Santina 29J.

The athletes all wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Mitchell for the untiring coaching she gave them.





Baseball

In the interclass which started the season, the Seniors were defeated by the Juniors, 8 to 3, thereby winning the championship. Many promising prospects were found and all the veterans of last year's team, except two answered the roll call.

The team entered the S. F. A. L. with one determination, to win the champion-ship, but our efforts were subdued by Lowell by a score of 3 to 0. With this defeat in mind we got behind "Al" our pitcher and won from St. Ignatius by 9 to 2. Our next game was the hardest fought game in the season; we lost to Poly by 5 to 2. The following game was a one sided affair against Commerce; Rodgers holding our opponents down in fine style. The score was 16 to 3. The remaining games of the season were with Potter and Galileo.

The fellows composing the team were:

Captain Al Rodgers, the best pitcher in the league and a hard hitter.

Manager John Hurley, catcher, inspired the team to fight.

Ralph Fifield, first base. An able and sensational veteran of the initial sack.

"Tuggle" Trowbridge is making good at second base.

"Runt" Olmo, third base. "Runt" covers the torrid corner with great ability.

"Drak" Drakulich covers short in fine style, making sensational stops.

"Nifty" Steele, left field, snags everything that gets into his territory.

Joe Smith, covers the center field and his hitting can always be accounted for. Ben Gilmore, holds down right field and is a handy man with the bat.

The very capable substitutes were Ashbaugh, Donovan, Riddell, Weck, G. Hurley, Smith, Schlumpberger and McDonald.

Block Awards

FOOTBALL

Nelson FANNEN MATHESON LAUSTEN H. GILMORE Hursh T. Johnson JUNKER Peavy I. SMITH Sullivan Donovan Мітснег Bahr BARR J. HURLEY HENDRICKSEN PHILLIPS G. HURLEY Hansen FEDELI Kostrikin McKay FIFIELD Dubkoff

Script Blocks

Ashbaugh Immig
Sonne Frediani
Nichols Heohn
Santina Garavatti
Steele Gallagher

TRACK

Peavy McKay

BASKETBALL

H. GILMORE J. SMITH
COPE LAUSTEN
HURSH FIFIELD
REILLY RODGERS

ART AND LITERARY

WESTLUND COPE
THOMPSON FREEMAN



Sixty-four











"Chestnuts Somewhat Mouldy"

It was the end of the scene; the heroine was starving. "Bread," she cried, "give me bread." And then the curtain came down with a roll.

Sign on Ku Kluxer's window, "Will be back at one. Out to lynch."

Joe Smith's idea of a soft job is that of assisting a florist to pick the flowers off a century plant.

Cousin Hiram (at the funeral): Is that the new hall clock over there?
Wife of the deceased: Sssh, that's poor old John. I knew the room would be crowded, so I stood the coffin on end.

Abie: Papa, what's science?

Papa: Don't be so dumb like, Abie, it's them things like what says "Keep off the grass!"

Teacher: What are you doing back there, learning anything?

Freeman: Oh, no, just listening to you.

Miss Buck: Look here, Kostrikin, some one called up for you this morning and said that you were ill and wouldn't be in class today.

Kostrikin: Har, har, that's a good one on Bob. He wasn't supposed to do that until Friday.

Thelma: I suppose you're very fond of "Lamb's Tales."

Helen: Can't say, never had any, but I like ox tongue pretty well.

Doctor to Shoaf (testing his eyes on the ocular chart): Why the silence? Can't you even read the top line?

Shoaf: Yes, I can see them all, but darned if I can pronounce the words.

Ivani: Don't you think these knickers are a perfect fit?

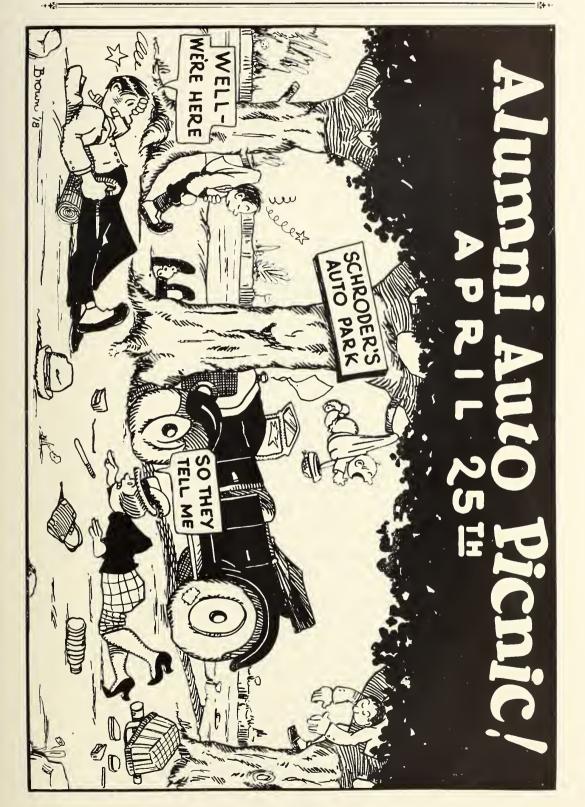
Koch: Yeh, they're almost a convulsion!

First Whale: What were you following that Scotch ship for? Don't you know any better?

Second Whale: I'm on a diet.

Thelma: Did you hear about Gladys? She has a position as detective in one of the big department stores!

Ethel: Well, I don't envy her. Imagine being known as a plain-clothes woman.



"Aged in the Wood"

Caesar: Wasn't that Cleo driving by in that Chariot?

Antony: Oh, it couldn't have Ben Hur.

Miss Woodland: Use cauterize in a sentence.

Bob: I knew she was mine when I caught her eyes.

Mr. Gravatt: What are the plus members?

Fifield: Negative.

Mr. Gravatt: Are you sure?

Fifield: Positive.

Nelson: Don't you think my mustache is becoming? Jeff: Well, it may be coming, but I don't see it yet.

A Vegetarian Romance

"Come, lettuce get married," said Arti. "Will your celery keep two?" asked she. "With carrot will do, and I think, dear, Something better will turnip," said he. She replied, slightly radish from blushing, (Though her rouge was parsley the fault). "I've always bean true, and I'll still be, Though your kale may not keep us in salt." So off to old Pars'n Ipp's cottage Onion road, the wedding to stage, They spud, and it took but a second In this modern taxi-cabbage. But you can't beet a taxi-cab meter; Appeasing the bill left him broke, Caused a lump to sprout in his thorax, And nearly made poor Artichoke. However, they were not cress'fallen; To the house on the corner they went, Woke the Pars'n Ipp from his slumber, On the greensward held the event. Of a Cole 8 he made her a present, And they now take a spinach night— And this is the endive my story For there isn't mushroom left to write.

"Heirlooms of a Hermit"

Catherine Allan: Man, I thought you said this dog I bought of you was fine for rats. Why, he simply won't go near them.

The Dog Dealer: Well, what are you grumbling at? I didn't tell you no lie—ain't that fine for the rats?

Agnes: Oh, I beg your pardon!—I was walking on your feet, wasn't I?

Samish: Quite all right, madam; I walk on them myself.

Art: Father sick, is he? Well, I hope it's nothing catching.

Spike: Lord—don't I! The Doc says he's suffering from overwork.

Mires: Been losing flesh lately, haven't you? Andy: Yeah; I bought a new trick safety razor.

Grouchy Old Lady (in antique shop): And here is another of those hideous portraits you call art.

Shopkeeper: Excuse me, madam, but that is a mirror.

Mr. French: So you broke a chair over this freshman's head.

Jack: I didn't mean to break the chair, sir.

Muriel: My dog is worth a thousand dollars.

Labhard: Gee, that's more'n I'm worth.

Muriel: Oh, well, some dogs are more valuable than others.

George: Do you know Bowen?

Mac: Bowen, who? George: Bowen Arrow.

Hazlewood: Why all the noise in the kitchen? Is the cook beating my steak?

Waiter: No, he's just licking his chops.

Wirth: Gee, where did you learn to swim like that?

Kammerer: Well, Buddy, I was a traffic cop in Venice for three years.

Miss Woodland: Give what you consider the most memorable date in history.

Alice: The one Antony had with Cleopatra.

Mr. Gravatt: What would you do if you had an eight-sided figure?

Shearn: I'd start a side-show.

"And what prompted you to propose to me, dear?"

"You," said he, simply and sadly.



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"Well maybe"



Claire Sheehan Poses.



"Hat "Gilmore.



Bahr poses, too.





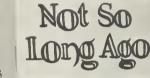




Gilley comes from Church.



Derrè plants potatoes





Go ahead"
Says
Westlund, Honds
up "says
Houghton.



"you're kidding me" exclaimed Anna Arendes.



"Im Sitting on top of the World," eipes up Ivani.



Labhard says "I may look like one, but 1/m not."



Whold recognize our little Florence fannen?



The birdie just peeped for Edria Hatfield.



Gee it's cold", says Jack Hursh.



Ba-a-a, is what Samish says.



Mc Intyre says, I close believe



My! What nice curls Frances Neumann had



What is Mr.? Fishing for?



This one is Galli.



Freeman working



Fifield vears checks



Sure- We recognize Pearl Coburn.



Portello is still at it. it.



Beatrice Trobock is making eyes.



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refuncted Says Joe Kostrikin.

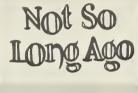


Loretta Byrne.



McDonald wears the same brand as Kostrikin.

Aileen Farley and one of the 57.







Vere you Posing, John de Golia?





And this is Muriel Smith.



Katherine Allan is in deep meditation.



Crawford.



Shoaf wears a Mexican Army uniform.



Ruth Harvey orgument.



Tut! Tut! Thelma Tutt.



"Mires aint got nothin" on me" says Koch.





Looks like Shearn lost weight.



"I Mortha Smith "I don't believe it."



Alice Ritter exclaims. 116-man spare my daws."



Ethel Johnson also has a dog.

"Used but Efficient"

Aileen: How is Nell making out with her new job at the switchboard?

Gladys: Oh, just plugging away.

Edna: Madame, the children are very naughty today.

Mistress: Send them to me, and I will play them something on the piano. Edna: That's no use, madame. I've already threatened them with that.

Maiden Aunt: And what brought you to town, Art?

Derre: Oh, well, I've come to see the sights, and thought that I'd call on you first.

Marguerite: Before marriage he thought her an angel, only fit to dwell in heaven.

Margaret: And now?

Marguerite: He's sure of it.

How: I would like to see the Judge. Cop: Sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.

How: But, my man, this errand is a vital one.

Cop: It can't be helped, sir. His Honor is at steak.

Warden: Well, my man, I try to set every prisoner on to work with which he is acquainted. What's your trade?

Latest Arrival (hopefully): I'm a professional sprinter, sir.

Joe: What is the date, please?

Miss Boeke: Never mind the date, the exam is more important.

Joe: Well, I want to have something right.

De Golia (in restaurant): Have you frogs legs? Waitress: Quit your kidding and give your order.

"Here's where I pull a good one," said the dentist as he fixed his tweezers on a sound tooth.

Lloyd: Sweets to the sweets.

Frances: Oh, thank you. May I pass you the nuts?

Crawford: Why is the little finger in the Statue of Liberty only eleven inches long?

Larson: Don't know.

Crawford: Because if it were an inch longer, it would be a foot.

"He Who Laughs Last-

DUESERDO

Some pay their dues when due, Some when overdue, Some never due, When due you?

Miss Weller: Why did Rome fall? Cecilia: Stumbled on its toga.

A Senior stood on the railroad track, A train was coming fast, The train got off the railroad track, And let the Senior pass.

Paul: Got my golf socks on today?

Peery: How's that?
Paul: Eighteen holes.

Medical Student: Did you ever make a wrong diagnosis, doctor?

Doctor: Only once. I diagnosed a simple indigestion and found out afterward that the patient was rich enough to have appendicitis.

Portello: I wonder which part of the car it is that causes the most accidents? Robertson: The nut that holds the steering-wheel, I should think.

He had lent her his pen.
"It writes beautifully," said she.
"I'm in love with the holder," said he.
She saw the point.

Haas: What would you do if you could play the piano like I can?

Bahr: I'd take lessons.

Very serious young man (after tiff): And now I'm going to kill myself!
The Maid: Please yourself, of course, but take my tip and don't let Dad find you hanging around here.

McDonald: Who is the meanest man in the world?

Helen Mc: The Scotchman who, on Christmas Eve, went outside the house and shot a gun, then came inside and told his children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

Should Have Laughed Sooner"

Gilley: Why is there so much electricity in my hair?

Galli: Because it is attached to a dry cell.

Patterson: If dinner is ready, where shall I wash, Mother?

Mrs. Patterson: You might start out on your face.

I know a little flapper, She's dumb beyond compare. She keeps on asking questions Like when? and why? and where?

I told her she was pigeon toed Then with her baby stare— She looked at me quite silently, And camly queried, "Where?"

Miss Clark: How does the water get in a watermelon?

Anna: I don't know.

Miss Clark: They plant the seeds in the spring.

Mr. Tibbitts: How do you get down off an elephant?

Forsberg: You climb down.

Mr. Tibbitts: Wrong.

Carl H.: Take a ladder and get down.

Mr. Tibbitts: Wrong.

Koch: Grease his sides and slide down.

Mr. Tibbitts: Wrong again.

Koch: Well-take the trunk line down.

Mr. Tibbitts: All wrong! You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose.

Miss Wood: If M stands for a number, what is its consecutive number?

Freshman: N.

A goat ate all our other jokes, And then began to run: "I cannot stop, it softly said, "I am so full of fun."





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